

MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY

A Fortnightly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Event.

VOL. IV.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 11, 1895.

No. 5.

McGill Fortnightly.

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The MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY is published by the Students of the University on the Wednesday of every second week during the College Session.

The annual subscription is \$1.00, payable strictly in advance. Remittance to be made to the Chairman of the Business Board, 113 McKay Street, Montreal. Single copies may be obtained at Wm. Drysdale & Co.'s, E. M. Renouf's, Cyrus Ashford's, Chapman's and W. Foster Brown's, Booksellers. Price, 10 cents.

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

A UNIVERSITY CLUB.

We invite the attention of our readers to a letter published in another column of the FORTNIGHTLY, touching a matter which, we believe, ought to arouse the interest and appeal to the sympathy of all McGill students, and not students only but all others interested in the welfare of this University. Our correspondent refers to the absence among McGill men of that spirit of unity and oneness which ought certainly to characterize us as members of a great University, and pleads for some practical organization affording a broad and common meeting-ground for all students, no matter with what department or Faculty they may be connected. And he signals the advent of our new Principal as a propitious time to revive this subject, and to take some initial steps towards the realization of the scheme.

In this matter of a University club the FORTNIGHTLY is in entire accord with "W. G." We believe there is urgent need of a Union Club, or some organization of like nature here in McGill. No one can fail to observe the defect in our University life to which our correspondent alludes. It has been remarked by outsiders, and by eminent strangers who

have visited us from time to time. The student who asks himself how often during the year the men of *All-McGill* meet together on common ground, and stops to reflect, will find to his surprise that it is on Sports Day only and (delightful by its novelty) Sports Night. The University dinner is too uncertain and precarious an institution as yet to be counted in. Even the University Lecture has lately been abandoned.

We meet then once a year on the campus to try the strength of our arms and legs, and perhaps once in five or six years we banquet together. But where is that constant intercourse, that regular and uninterrupted reunion of the men of all Faculties, by which we may really come to know each other intellectually, socially and morally, and if it goes to that, on the lighter side also, even in our dining, amusements and athletics. It does not exist, because we are not organized to that end, and have no common meeting place. Here our University life is obviously incomplete. Nor can we fully realize the extent of the loss suffered through the absence of a University club of some sort. Leaving aside sentimental considerations, and taking into cognizance only a few matters of practical interest, which cannot but appeal to the student, we can readily conceive that a Union club would *pay* from the students' point of view. It would be an advantage to the student in his work, for instance, to be able to get his meals in close proximity to the University—good meals, well cooked, and at a moderate figure; it would be an advantage to have common facilities for all Faculty dinners; to have ample and central accommodation for meetings of all Faculty societies, clubs and associations, or as members of one University-embracing society to meet together on common ground to discuss subjects of general interest; to have a University Hall suitable for lectures, entertainments, etc. Considering this last matter, we find ourselves at a great disadvantage in McGill. If we had a suitable hall, and were properly organized for the purpose, there is no reason why any eminent man who visits Montreal should be allowed to depart without addressing the McGill students and the University club might bring on such well-known men as it deemed fit, from time to time, to address the students. This is the plan adopted by the students of most American Universities, and, needless

to say, it is productive of great benefit. Whatever may be said of the facilities, certainly the enterprise is not wanting in McGill.

Here the question of the practicability of the project naturally arises. It is not our intention, however, to enter into that. All that matter has been fully opened up already in our columns. We invite the interested reader to turn back to No. 8 of Vol. II. (Jan. 10th, '94), and there he will see a full and exact prospectus of a McGill University Club drawn up by Mrs. J. Clark Murray. It is sufficient to say that we consider the enterprise to be eminently practicable in every way. Its realization lies in the hands of the students. We have considered it our duty to draw the students' attention to our correspondent's letter in support of such a laudable object. Should the scheme find favor with the students of McGill, and further discussion of the subject be desirable, the columns of this Journal are free and welcome to any or all who may use them for that purpose.

CORRESPONDENCE

A MCGILL CLUB.

DEAR MR. EDITOR :—

It is impossible to read the remarks of our newly installed Principal in the course of his first address to the students, without being infected with something of the enthusiasm with which he is inspired when he contemplates our University in the many phases of its work and influence.

We have a University that in some departments of its work at least acknowledges no superior and few rivals. Its present pre-eminence is not the result of a mushroom growth, but the outcome of legitimate development answering to the demands of our young national life, a development fostered by unstinted generosity at the hands of citizens of our own city and province, men of whom we are justly proud and to whom our nation owes a debt that cannot be computed in dollars and cents.

In all this extension of her spheres of influence and in the perfection of the efficiency of her several faculties, there is one feature in danger of being neglected, largely because the independent development of Faculty work is to some extent carried on at the expense of that to which I refer. I mean what has been called for want of a better name, the University spirit. The larger and stronger the Faculty, the more will a tendency manifest itself towards independence of its surroundings, and, therefore, a measure of isolation from the sister Faculties.

Look over any number of our esteemed college journal, and tell me, Mr. Editor, what one desiring to ascertain the prevailing spirit of University life is most struck with. I believe it would be this,—the

multiplicity of Faculty societies, with bounds and aspirations as broad and high as the limits of their respective Faculties, and the lack of common ground on which the social side of student life can find an opportunity to display itself. Faculty societies, with the purpose of fostering research and independent thought along the lines of their peculiar work, unquestionably serve a high purpose. But are we justified in wholly subordinating the broader and more generous, if less defined, aspects of University life to these, even if they are more intensely practical?

Why has not McGill ere this established an organization broad enough to embrace all undergraduates, and graduates too, for the matter of that ;—an organization in which all petty Faculty rivalries will be sunk in the general desire to quicken and deepen our pride of University, that will bring Faculty into touch with Faculty, that will teach us who know each other as students to know each other as men, and that will beget in us the beginnings of that indefinable something that is so sadly lacking in us as Canadians,—pride of country and nation, for where shall we better learn it than here, and when better than now?

Last year the project of a Union club was frequently discussed in the columns of our College Journal, and, I am satisfied, met with much favor from the majority of McGill men. The advent of our new Principal would appear to be an opportune time for a revival of the project. The Constitution of such an organization cannot be evolved in a year, or in five years. The beginning would necessarily be small, but the possibilities of such an institution are beyond calculation.

McGill spirit just as much needs to be kept alive within her gates as in far away Ottawa, or farther away New York, in both of which cities McGill associations have been established.

As a student I appeal to my fellows to consider the subject. It does not lie with the Governors, or the Faculties, or the graduates, it lies with us who are still within the walls of old McGill, to see that this link, which shall so largely aid in maintaining and strengthening the unity of our University, shall be supplied in a form consistent with the other permanent institutions of McGill.

W. G.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

HYDRAULICS.

PROFESSOR BOVEY, DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE, MAKES AN IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

Professor Bovey's latest book, "A Treatise on Hydraulics," deals with a subject which is becoming

of more and more importance, and especially with that branch of it which relates to the application of water-power to useful purposes. This increasing importance of the subject, together with the increasing interest taken in hydraulic work of all kinds, is naturally leading to a more extensive study of the principles upon which all such work is based. For this purpose teachers and students have long felt the want of a really good text-book, such as the one before us, which deals with the subject in a thorough and comprehensive manner. In preparing the work the author consulted many standard works and publications on the subject, and has succeeded in bringing together much valuable information; this, combined with his own experience, makes the book an important one. In his work, the author, while dealing with the principles of the subject in a strictly theoretical manner, has not failed to recognize their more important practical applications; and though detailed descriptions of the construction and working of hydraulic machinery has been entirely avoided, the work contains much valuable information of a practical nature.

The work is divided into seven chapters, and deals with the flow of water through pipes, channels, orifices, and over weirs; the impact of water, water measurement, and with the principles underlying the action of water-wheels, turbines, pumps and water pressure machinery. Many valuable tables are to be found in the book, and of these the two on page 24 embody the results of a series of experiments carried out by the author on the coefficients of discharge of water through orifices of various slopes. These two tables will prove of great value, as the coefficients contained therein are probably more accurate than those previously obtained by other experimenters. The author has also carried out a series of experiments on the "Inversion of the Jet," and of which he gives a brief account in article 13. In this article, he says:—"When a jet issues from an orifice in a vertical surface, the sections of the jet at points along the path assume singular forms dependent upon the nature of the orifice." From this statement it would appear that the phenomenon was to be observed only in the case of a jet issuing from an orifice in a vertical surface. But is that so? Again, in explaining the cause of the phenomenon, the author agrees with Prof. Unwin and others in regarding it as being due to the "heads" being different for different parts of the orifice. Is this explanation, however, the true one? The work, however, is certainly an admirable one, and by far the best text-book published, and will considerably enrich the literature of a subject which is somewhat poor. An important feature of the book, and one which will prove of inestimable value to teachers and students, is the large collection of

well selected examples, with answers, to be found at the end of each chapter.

Although this treatise will certainly not prove attractive to readers who are totally unfamiliar with mathematical methods and conceptions, yet it succeeds in giving simple and elegant proofs (many of them new) of all the necessary theorems without introducing any very advanced mathematics. The work is well written, is illustrated by many excellent diagrams and figures, and is so arranged that the student possessing the requisite mathematical knowledge should have but little difficulty in mastering it. The volume stands as a striking and permanent record of the manner in which the Science has for many years been treated by the author in lectures delivered to his students in McGill College, and will be welcomed by the scientific public as an authoritative treatise on a science of which the growing importance is continually becoming more fully recognized.

Professor Bovey is to be congratulated on the very able manner in which he has treated an abstruse subject, and the excellent manner in which the book is gotten up does credit to the publishers. (New York: John Wiley & Sons; London: Clapman & Hall).

H. B.

NEW SOCIETIES OF MCGILL GRADUATES.

At the annual meeting of the Graduates Society of McGill University held at Montreal, 29th April, 1895, it was unanimously resolved that the incoming Executive Committee be instructed to endeavor to establish Graduates Societies at Toronto, Halifax, New York and other places.

Mr. A. O. U. Colquhoun, B.A., a member of the Society, residing in Toronto, was present, and addressed the meeting. He readily undertook the task of organizing a society of McGill graduates at Toronto.

Mr. R. A. Gunn, B.A.Sc., also a member of the Montreal society, but residing in New York, promised to use every effort to establish a similar society at the latter city.

Some delay was caused through the non appearance of the revised list of graduates. During the summer Mr. Gunn received a proposal to organize, on a somewhat narrower basis, the Society to be composed of graduates in Applied Science; this, however, he declined to entertain, and held to his original purposes.

In the meantime, the revised list of graduates appeared, and copies of this, with a large number of copies of the by-laws and constitution of the Montreal society, were forwarded to New York and

Toronto. Mr. Gunn lost no time in calling a meeting of graduates resident in New York, and the result of his labors appears in the following letter:—

NEW YORK, 23rd Nov., 1895.

H. V. TRUELL,

Secretary McGill Graduates Society, Montreal:

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to announce that the New York Graduates Society is at last in existence. At a meeting held last night, by-laws were adopted, and the following officers were elected:—

President.—Rev. Edward H. Kraus, M.A., LL.D.

Vice-Presidents.—Dr. Wolfred Nelson, Dr. James H. Meek, Mr. Wm. de Courcey Harnett, B.A.Sc.

Secretary.—Robert A. Gunn.

Treasurer.—Dr. Hiram Vineberg.

Committee.—Rev. Charles Bancroft, M.A., Mr. James H. Stevenson, B.A.Sc.

We propose including as non-resident members all graduates in the United States, and hope soon to be in good working order and alive to the interests of Old McGill.

Yours very truly,

R. A. GUNN,

Secretary.

Mr. A. O. U. Colquhoun, in a communication to the Secretary of the Montreal Society, intimates that the Toronto Society will organize next week.

What has actually been done will appear from the following press notice.

MCGILL GRADUATES, TORONTO.

A SOCIETY ORGANIZED AT A MEETING ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

Toronto, Dec. 2.—The project of organizing the graduates of McGill University living here, which has been agitated for some time, received an impetus on Saturday night by an enthusiastic meeting at the Rossin House. Mr. John J. Maclaren, Q.C., presided. Among the graduates present were Mr. E. A. Meredith, LL.D., Dr. J. Algernon Temple, Mr. A. R. Lewis, Q.C., Mr. R. B. Henderson, B.A., Dr. Riordan, Dr. Stevenson, the Rev. E. C. Trenholme, Mr. G. R. Sweeney, B.A., Dr. H. C. Burritt, Mr. A. H. V. Colquhoun, B.A., Dr. Creasorn, Mr. P. E. Ritchie, B.A., Dr. McMicking, Mr. W. A. Cameron, M.A., Dr. Pringle, Mr. J. F. Warne, B.A., and others. The objects of the gathering were explained by Mr. Colquhoun, who appealed to the graduates not to forget their Alma Mater in the presence of great universities like Toronto and Trinity, but to organize in the interests of McGill University and of themselves. A formal resolution in favor of having a society in Toronto was unanimously approved. Mr. E. A. Meredith gave an interesting account of McGill in "the day of small things," namely, in

1846 and subsequent years, when he was principal and professor of Mathematics without salary, and when the students of the Faculty of Arts numbered about eight. There were only four professors, and the annual revenue was about four thousand dollars. Dr. Temple, one of the leading professors in Trinity Medical School, said he was proud of his connection with McGill, and cordially endorsed the idea of a society in Toronto. Mr. A. R. Lewis, Q.C., recalled the days when the Burnside Literary & Debating Society was formed by the students, and believed that the Toronto graduates were anxious to prove their continued attachment to McGill. He advocated a yearly scholarship to be given by graduates in Western Ontario, which would induce a larger number of students to go from this part of Canada to what was now the leading university in the country, and as well equipped as any on this continent. Other addresses were delivered, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Lewis, Ritchie, Burritt, Colquhoun and Sweeney was chosen to draw up a constitution. A public meeting will be held in a few days to elect officers and arrange a programme for the season. Warm eulogies were bestowed upon the labors of Sir William Dawson and upon benefactors like Sir Donald Smith, Mr. John H. R. Molson, Mr. W. C. Macdonald and others. The number of McGill graduates residing here is between forty and fifty, and it is proposed to increase the membership by including all graduates residing in the vicinity of Toronto.

Copies of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Montreal Society have also been sent to all graduates residing in British Columbia, and the prospects of forming a McGill Graduates Society on the Pacific Coast are very good.

The Secretary is also in communication with graduates residing in Chicago, with a similar end in view.

These societies are expected to keep their members in touch with their Alma Mater, and also to keep the public informed, in the places where they are located, of the educational advantages which McGill affords.

This will be done by means of circulars and letters to the public press or by articles in magazines.

THE DEATH OF VICTOIRE.

(From the French.)

I

The comrades called him Victoire, but his real name was Jean Blouart. There was no doubt about it, he was certainly born under a lucky star, this trum-

peter of the regiment. Fortune—fickle jade—had never played him false, and he succeeded in everything he undertook. No one sounded the *réveil* so well as he, and no sentinel's step was as firm and quick on the rounds as that of Blouart.

And what a trumpeter he was !

By nature a musician, you know, he had passed his boyhood's days listening to the music of the winds and birds. Often, while tending his sheep on the green fields of Touraine, he used to manufacture strange whistles from bits of willow. He liked nothing better than to try and rival Nature's songsters with those whistles of his. And now he owned a real instrument, and used to practise every afternoon while in garrison on the shores of the Orne. He could see the church towers of Caen above the chestnut trees on the Grand Promenade, their pointed spires pricking holes in the blue cushion of the heavens.

At sundown the bells opened their brazen throats and rang out the chimes, at first in an indistinct murmur, then swelling loud and high, to float again into silence and slowly die away. Victoire paused every time to listen to this ineffable music ;—not that he was given to dreams and reverie, on the contrary, he liked a jolly good time and a hearty laugh as well as any of them, and his "frank French eyes" looked ever bravely and boldly into the face of the whole world.

His only sorrow had been to leave his home and father, who was now well on in years. Yet he consoled himself with the thought that time was passing quickly, for he had but two more years to serve. At times the bells reminded him of the Angelus at home, and he would think sadly and fondly of the little ivy-covered cottage and of the old man smoking his pipe in the doorway ; but he was only twenty-five years old, and at this age is not life's prospect set in blue and gold and all the living easy ?

And then he liked the garrison life ; trumpeting morning and evening, marching through the streets full of people, and after drill, resting beneath the trees and chatting of the pretty blonde heads they had seen behind the shutters.

And so the time passed quickly ; then war broke out.

II

They had been fighting all day. The sun had reached the horizon, and still the battle continued. Both sides had sworn to conquer, and neither would surrender.

The trumpet-call was heard from time to time in the heart of the *mêlée*, rivalling the noise of the cannon and the shouts of the soldiers.

Blouart advanced. A crowd of soldiers, dazed and stupefied with the smoke and carnage, followed blindly at his heels. Victoire seemed to realize the

significance of his adopted name. He rushed on the enemy like an infuriated war-horse, and never ceased sounding the charge. Suddenly he found himself surrounded by hostile faces ; not a French uniform could be seen near him. He tried in vain to force a way through the living wall of men, rifles were drawn on him, and he was taken prisoner.

The sun disappeared..... slowly, slowly, night descended and covered the scene of death with her sombre mantle : the battle was at an end.

Blouart marched along between the soldiers over the hills past fields and woods. The din of battle was still in his ears, and he walked as in a dream.

At last they stopped for the night near a wood ; the fires were lighted, and threw strange shadows among the trees. Overcome by fatigue, Victoire threw himself down on the moss, fell asleep and dreamed. He was once more a child at home. The day was bright, and the birds sang ; his mother was busy at her spinning-wheel. School was just over, and he had come in with a long rod found by the roadside, which he displayed with no small pride and joy. What a fine gun it makes ! He struts about the yard, a mimic soldier, when suddenly a large dog passes, barking loudly. The valiant soldier takes fright, throws down his gun, and runs away at full speed. His mother calls to him from the window : "Shame on you ! A true soldier never surrenders !"

A true soldier never surrenders !

Blouart seemed to hear these words in his ear. He awoke with a start and looked around him. The camp slept. Only the sentinel's step could be heard as he tramped over the soft moss. The sky was bright with stars ; a fresh breeze arose, bringing with it the fragrant scent of the forest. Victoire passed his hand over his forehead, and remembered that he was a prisoner.

He must get up : he will escape or die.....but no ! he is watched, and cannot move.

Hours go by, the sky grows white, and a path can now be seen winding along the edge of the forest to a hill before them. This road passes by a deep ravine, from whose depths can be heard the roar of a mountain torrent. The signal for departure is given, but this time not by Victoire. He looks sadly at his trumpet, and a wild desire to die takes possession of him.

A true soldier never surrenders !

These words still echo in his ears. He is walking between two soldiers. The precipice is there just at hand, and with it death and deliverance. Victoire throws himself against the soldier on his right, who gives a terrible cry and is hurled into the abyss. Blouart is about to follow, but is beaten back by the soldiers' rifles ; he feels the cold steel on his forehead and closes his eyes.

He thinks of his old father, without his son, alone, ending his days in desolation.....and he no longer has the courage to die.

The captain orders the rifles lowered, he evidently has something worse than death in store for this prisoner.

And now the sun is shining on meadow and hill. By the roadside the oak and beech trees stretch forth their nervous arms, from each leaf a diamond drop of dew is hanging. All nature is alive and glad beneath the glorious sky and the world is flooded with light and joy. But Victoire sees nothing. What has he in common with these beauties of nature? He listens only to the anguish of his heart, and yet, the voice which demands life and happiness becomes stronger. He is so young, and has so much of life before him! No! he cannot die!

At last the hill is climbed. An officer approaches Jean Blouart and unties his hands.

"Now," said he, "you are to play for us, here, where you can be seen. You see those men in the plain, those are the soldiers that you must rally; when you have played, you shall be free!"

"Who are the soldiers?" Victoire asked.

"That is none of your business!" the officer answered roughly. "Do what I tell you, or you're a dead man," and Blouart saw the rifles levelled at him. Then the men disappeared and hid themselves in the wood on each side of the road.

"Play, then!" cried a fierce voice. "You others, shoot him if he does not obey."

The click of the triggers was heard in the pause that followed, while Victoire took his trumpet and prepared to play.

His eyes scanned the country before him; in the hollow of a hill some distance off, he perceived a small camp of French soldiers.

The captain's object was to draw them into the open country, and the trumpeter's uniform was to be the means of effecting this.

"Play, then!" repeated the terrible voice. Jean Blouart put the trumpet to his lips.....and began to play. The joyous notes of the instrument fell on the air like a festal song, but it seemed to Victoire a cry of death and desolation.

He playedthe French camp seemed to stir. They had seen him, and recognized a comrade with shouts of joy. He played.....and the excitement among the soldiers increased. He played with all his strength, and the notes fell quickly one upon the other.

Suddenly a church bell rang out from the valley the hour of noon. A bloody mist passed before Victoire's eyes. He thought of the Angelus of Caen; he saw again the chestnut trees on the Grand Promenade, his home, his father.....his beloved France.....

and now he was betraying this France, instead of sacrificing himself for her; instead of giving her his heart's blood, he was helping to ruin and kill her. He was calling his brothers to certain death. He was a traitor!

And every rustle of the wind in the trees, every twitter of the birds, every stroke of the bell, echoed: "Traitor! Traitor!" He dropped his trumpet.

"Play on! play on!" yelled that implacable voice.

"Yes, yes, I will play, monster! I will play!" answered Blouart, and with all the strength that was left him, he played the alarm and retreat.

A rain of bullets beat down upon him.

Then turning towards the wood and drawing himself up to his full height, sublime in his scorn and death agony: "Curses on you!" he cried "Curses on you all!"

A fearful report followed. Blouart swayed to and fro, then fell forward on his face.

The trumpeter Victoire was no more.

HELEN R. Y. REID.

POETRY.

WITH THE DEAD LEAVES.

IN MEMORIAM.

Watching the dead leaves drift along
Urged by the keen wind's restless feet,
Tossed here and there in a shuddering throng,
Through the lanes of the well-swept street;
Wanders my memory back to the time
When I wooed my love with sigh and rhyme.

Then it was spring, and the sun rays shone
On fresh young tints from a cloudless sky;
And I with my sweetheart strolled alone
To tell her my soul's deep ecstasy;
I kissed her smiles, and my thoughts love-mad
Ne'er dreamed that the future could be so sad.

But winter came and the green leaves fell,
My Love's soul went to the Dreamland shore;
And the winter with dead leaves sang the knell
Of the good true heart I should woo no more;
So when I hear the leaves and the rain
I think of my love, and live again.

Stat Nominis Umbra.

NEAR THE BELOVED.

(FROM GOETHE.)

I think of thee when morning dawn erst glimmers
Across the Eastern sea;
When the late moonbeam o'er pale fountains shimmers,
I think of thee!

I see thy form when from the distant ridges
The clouds their grey wreaths raise;
When the night-farer on the path's frail bridges
His foot essays!

I hear thy voice when the fierce heavens darken,
And thunderous surges rise;
In the still grove often for thee I hearken
Under hushed skies!

I am by thee how far thy step e'er roameth;
Thou standest ever near!
The sun descends; the early twilight cometh;
Oh, wert thou here!

ROBERT MACDOUGALL,

BERLIN.

THE BOOKWORM.

See him sit in his easy chair
With books around him everywhere,
He rarely rises save to eat,
And then comes back to the old seat;
Little he cares for worldly pelf,
He owns a world all to himself,
When he has his beloved books
For other favors he ne'er looks.
Precious manuscripts, thick with dust,
Ancient records, smelling of must,
Former dramatists, known by few,
Chroniclers old and poets too—
All are food for his hungry brain,
He cons them o'er and o'er again.
Books in Persian, Arabic, Greek,
Many a language does he speak;
Now see his face with pleasure glow,
Poring over some folio,
In which he has found something new,
Brought for the first time to his view.
There then he lives the whole year round,
Never disturbed by outside sound;
Until we hear it said some day—
"The old Bookworm has passed away."

SCHOLASTICUS.

SOCIETIES.

UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The usual weekly meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday evening, November 29th. Owing to the absence of the President, and as at the hour for meeting neither of the vice-presidents was present, Mr. N. W. Trenholme was voted into the chair.

The first item on the programme was a reading by Mr. J. W. Thomas, Arts '98, from the "Pickwick Papers." He was followed by Mr. A. R. McMaster, Arts '97, who read an essay on Thackeray.

The debate was next proceeded with: "Resolved, that the introduction of professionalism has degraded sport."

The debate was an open one, and provoked much interesting discussion. Mr. A. C. P. Howard, Arts '97, led the Affirmative, and Mr. Ewing, of Law, the Negative.

After an animated debate, in which Messrs. Archibald, Patch and McMaster spoke for the Affirmative,

and Messrs. Saxe, Trenholme and Colly for the Negative, a show of hands on the resolution was called for, by which it was seen that the Negative had won.

The Society then listened to Mr. James Stevenson, the critic's remarks. His criticism was remarkably good. He was the personal friend of many of the speakers, and was thus able to point out defects, which could not have been pointed out by an ordinary college acquaintance.

A song was next given by a quartette composed of Messrs. E. and M. Burke, Moore and Atkinson. This was much enjoyed by the Society, who demanded an encore, which was given. Mr. Trenholme, the chairman, then made a few remarks concerning the Society.

He said he was sorry to see the lack of interest taken in it by the Fourth Year Arts; but he was pleased to see men from other Faculties taking an interest in the Society.

SECOND REPORT.

The usual weekly meeting of the above Society was held on Friday, 22nd November. President V. E. Mitchell in the chair. The programme was opened with a reading by Mr. E. MacConnell, Arts '98. Neither song nor essay was forthcoming, so the debate began. It was a class debate between the Freshmen and the Sophomores: "Resolved, that the introduction of women into business is beneficial to the race!" The Freshmen upheld the Affirmative, the Sophomores the Negative. Mr. Cameron, Arts '99, was absent, and owing to this Mr. Dewitt opened for the Freshmen. He contended that women ennobled and refined business methods, and thus benefited the race; and also said that competition was not a bad thing.

Mr. Bishop opened for '98. He said that women in business did not marry, and thus the race was injured. Mr. Phillips next spoke for the Freshmen, and contended that men should be content with the same wages as are given to women.

Mr. Patterson followed for the Negative. His remarks were logical and to the point—"Who shall take care of the children if the mothers go into business?"

Mr. Gregg, Arts '99, next volunteered to speak for his Year. He had come unprepared, but nevertheless made a clear, sensible effort. He said that women did not crowd into factories to oust the men, but because driven by necessity. He took the case of a working man, who on \$1 or \$1.25 a day has to bring up a large family of girls. The girls have to work for themselves, they cannot all become household servants; of necessity they must enter a factory or other centre of industrial activity.

Mr. Duff, Arts '98, then spoke. He said the ques-

tion was a question of dollars and cents, and that women in business reduced wages.

The Sophomores won the Debate.

Mr. R. P. Campbell, Arts '97, gave the criticism of the evening's work. After criticizing the various speakers individually, he made some general remarks, which the Scribe thinks quite worth the trouble of placing before the eyes of every speaker, young or old, of our Society. Mr. Campbell insisted on proper position—(we must not lean on the desk), on dignity, and on the use of pure English in our speeches,

After a few remarks from the President the meeting adjourned.

SCRIBUS, SENIOR.

MCGILL Y. M. C. A.

Two very profitable meetings of the Association were held on Sundays, November 24th and December 1st, in the Association Building, Mr. Tory in charge. The topics were, for December 1st, "Jesus and the Samaritan Woman," and for the previous meeting "Jesus and Nicodemus." It was brought out very clearly and impressively that Christ was to men that which the Jewish people should have been to the world—the repository of divine truth, the illuminators of mankind. The Jews in large measure failed to accomplish their great mission. The lamp of life had been given to them, but they obscured its light; they were a city set on a hill, but they neglected their opportunities, they failed to realize their responsibilities. Christ showed to the Jews, as well as to the woman at Sychar's well, what a true type of a Jew an ideal Israelite should be in his conduct with his fellow-men.

Y. W. C. A.

November 22nd, 1895, Miss Ross led our meeting, the subject being "The Duty of Happiness." Our leader introduced many beautiful, lofty thoughts and ideas. Each one has her duty in this world, and we are enjoying many advantages for which we are responsible. Our life should be such as to lead others to Christ. Cheerfulness should always be ours, for each one has sorrows and petty worries, but these should not trouble us. We have to look forward, and not be so engrossed with our own affairs. Our Master's glory is dependent upon us, for if we do not live happy, peaceful lives, how can we expect those who are not His to follow us? He never gives us more than we can bear, and although we do not always and cannot always see the outcome, we can "cast all our cares on Him, for He careth for us." Miss Ross' remarks led others to make some, which added to our enjoyment.

Miss Derrick addressed us on the subject "A Christian Girl in her Home," November 29th, 1895. Many were present, and each one profited by the information gained in the half hour thus spent. Miss Derrick in her friendly way took the two opposite characters found in Mary and Martha, the sisters of Lazarus, and all beloved by Christ.

Mary was the one who had "chosen the better part," and was stationed at the Lord's feet attentively listening to His teaching.

Martha, the energetic, self-reliant one, who was to welcome the Lord at her home, had also believed on Him, but in her overstrained and anxious condition fretfully reminded the Lord of Mary's duties.

This is often the case with us. Perhaps we have too many outside duties to perform, and we do not give attention to those in our homes. We willingly "do" what we think they would like, but we do not seem to "be" what we ought. We lack sympathy with their work and pleasure, and even often unconsciously expect our friends to tolerate our shortcomings, because we are engaged in too many outside duties. But we should carry out our Saviour's example and command, and thus aid others. This is our duty and privilege.

Δ Σ

THE ANNUAL LECTURE TO THE Δ Σ SOCIETY.

Those who had not the privilege of hearing Professor Cox in his "Talk on Music" will, we believe, be glad of some account of it, even though at second-hand and shorn of much that made it delightful.

The opening remarks of the lecturer brought before us the fact, that the majority of people might, if properly trained, learn to appreciate and enjoy good music, although they may never hope to become great artists, and these merit more attention than is usually given them. The man of average musical instincts must not desire to perform, but to appreciate.

As an example of what may bring this about, the lecturer traced through different stages the development of his own faculty for enjoyment and appreciation. The first time he heard oratorio was at a performance of Handel's Messiah; then there were evenings at a friend's house, where two talented schoolmates filled him with enthusiasm for the piano compositions of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. Next came his first popular concert at St. James' Hall, where the best artists of the day have for nearly forty years performed, twice a week, programmes selected from the great range of Chamber music. This, which proved but the first of many such concerts for him, was an event long to be remembered. Sitting behind the orchestra, he found himself among those "people

who have plenty of brains, no money," and faced, not those of "plenty of money, no brains," but an audience among whom were often seen George Eliot, Robert Browning, Sir Frederick Leighton and many more of the world's famous men and women. The quartette, led by Dr. Joachim, consisted of first and second violin, tenor violin, and a cello; Madame Schumann often accompanied on the grand piano. For 6d. one might obtain a twenty-four page programme of the concert, containing a sketch of the life of the composer from whose works selections were to be given, full analysis of them, and quotations from the different movements.

The Cambridge experience began in 1870. At that time there were three really fine pianists and two choral clubs in the University. Every Wednesday evening delightful concerts were given by an amateur string quartette in the Guild Hall. These have since developed into more elaborate affairs with orchestras from London. Perhaps the most memorable occasion was when the University conferred the degree of Mus. Doc. on Dr. Joachim and Brahms, who wrote his great First Symphony for the Festival Concert held in the evening.

Such opportunities do not come to everyone, but equally satisfactory results may be obtained from judicious training. Too often, however, the child of average musical ability is most unwisely instructed. She is kept at the melancholy practice of scales and five-finger exercises, without sufficient relief afforded by good though simple music, abundance of which can be found in the works of the great masters, until she believes there is no such thing as pleasure or beauty in music. Then at last the great day comes, when, with much trepidation, she plays her first "piece" in the drawing-room, and all the assembled friends exclaim, "How well Amelia is getting on with her piano!" During the next few years Amelia probably masters two or three of these "pieces," and then is launched on society with this her musical stock-in-trade, a pitiable object to those who know what might have been. She should never have been taught to expect to entertain drawing-room assemblies, but to love music for its own sake and the pleasure it will give her. Instead of confining her to one or two showy and difficult compositions, she should have had a wide range in music suited to her capacity. A library of the works of the best composers should have been kept in the home, where she might wander at large through them and choose what gave her enjoyment.

We make mistakes too about our concerts. We "find out what Stars are travelling in the United States," bring them on for one or two good selections, pad up the rest of the programme with indifferent

items, go to the trouble of evening dress, and come away feeling little repaid. Let us find out our own good musicians, and see to it that the same high level is maintained throughout the programme, the same main idea being perceived in each selection.

Much would be done for music in our midst if such an example as that set by a certain Liverpool gentleman were followed. He let it be known that on the last Monday of every month he would be at home for music in the evening. Many needed no second bidding, and among those who flocked to the house, the lecturer found himself one evening. In the reception room, programmes were found, which stated there would be three string-quartettes,—one by Hadyn, another by Mendelssohn, and the third by Beethoven.

A large picture gallery, containing many beautiful paintings, was then entered, and here the four best violinists from the Manchester band were listened to. Between the selections the audience wandered about the gallery to look at the pictures and talk together of the music, and this through the kindness of one who loved to share his pleasures with his fellow-men.

Then with a clear and brief summary of the main suggestions of the lecture, Professor Cox brought his remarks to a close.

W. J. P.

The regular meeting of the Delta Sigma Society was held on Thursday, Dec. 5th: "Resolved, that the heroes of modern times are greater than those of antiquity." Miss Bourke-Wright and Miss Pitcher upheld the Affirmative side, and Miss Ross and Miss Brooks the Negative side. Miss Bourke-Wright opened the debate by explaining the terms heroes and modern times. Modern times may be taken as the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. A hero is a man who realizes to the full the possibilities of his nature; he has two natures,—a bodily and a spiritual nature, and the greatest hero is he who realizes the possibilities of his spiritual nature. Among the early races a man who possessed great worldly comforts was a hero. Now heroes are men who work for others, in a spirit of self-sacrifice. Among the examples mentioned of modern heroes were Dr. Barnado, Tyndale, Huxley, and General Gordon.

Miss Ross said that antiquity might be considered as ending with the Fall of the Roman Empire. She maintained that the spirit of heroes was the same in all ages.

The greatest hero, the Man Christ Jesus, lived in antiquity. Socrates, Damon and Daniel were alluded to as heroes; Daniel's heroism was of that highest kind which devotes itself to an abstract cause. Miss Pitcher, the second speaker on the Affirmative, said

that such men as Alexander and Pompey were considered heroes; but what noble motives actuated them? Had antiquity any heroes to compare with Wilberforce, or Howard the prison-reformer, or with such missionaries as Moffat?

Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Miss Brooks, the second speaker on the Negative, drew attention to the fact that the Negative side had not to prove that heroes of antiquity were greater than those of modern times, but as great.

She maintained that the discussion did not concern such men as Alexander, for it concerned not those who were thought heroes in their own age, but those who are thought heroes to-day. And what missionary can modern times boast of more heroic than St. Paul? Miss Bourke-Wright then closed the debate.

The vote of the meeting awarded the victory to the Negative side.

Miss Armstrong kindly acted as critic.

MCGILL C. C.

A small devoted band assembled in the Classical seminary room on Wednesday evening.

A large amount of important business was transacted. The call for "Programme" was responded to with good readings by Messrs. Ferguson and Patch both of Arts '99.

"'96 JOURNAL CLUB."

The Club convened on Thursday evening last with the president, Mr. Harri Dell, in the chair.

Reports of drug experimentation and of practical work were received.

Two articles from the Journal of Comparative Medicine were read and discussed: One on Gastritis Caninus was from the pen of Dr. Cecil French, the other was on Immobility in the Treatment of Articular Affections, and written by Dr. Willyoung, both gentlemen being graduates of McGill.

Work for the ensuing week was mapped out, and the meeting adjourned.

F. W. K.

SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

The Society met in the Library on the evening of 2nd December, the president, Dr. Mills, in the chair.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The secretary read a communication from Dr. Cecil French, relating to the high degree of intelli-

gence seen in a spaniel owned in Washington, D.C.

Another communication was from Mr. L. A. Clure of Black Lake, P.Q., describing the peculiar psychic phenomena exhibited by a Dachshund in his possession.

One of the members read the concluding portion of the article found in the *Popular Science Monthly* on the Psychology of Woman.

Mr. Midgley, Med. '97, reported some very interesting experiments on the special senses. At the request of the president he will continue his investigations, and report the results at a future meeting.

Mr. Fred Kee read a paper of much literary and scientific merit on "The Moral Sense in Animals."

Mr. S. Macnider treated the subject of Psychology of Man and the Lower Animals as well as it could be handled in a short paper.

Owing to the lateness of the hour the discussions were necessarily limited, but the members dispersed, voting the meeting one of the most thought-provoking of the session.

H. D.

VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

A regular meeting of the Association was held in the Library on 10th November, 1895, the honorary president, Dr. D. McEachran, occupying the chair.

Mr. J. H. Patterson's case report was read, but discussion deferred until the next meeting.

"Diagnosis and General Symptoms of Disease" was the subject of a paper by Mr. J. Greer.

This evoked a lively discussion from the members, Dr. McEachran's remarks on the subject of Coughs being of especial interest.

Dr. Dawes of the Health Department addressed the meeting with reference to the work of the Experiment Committee, after which adjournment took place.

H. D.

MCGILL MINING SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of this Society was held in the old Science Building, on Friday evening, November 29th. Mr. R. Green read a paper on the Eustis mine at Capelton, Que. The paper contained a great deal of information, and showed that Mr. Green had mastered the details of mining methods and of the machinery in use in this mine.

The paper was especially interesting to those of the members who had visited the mine last spring. There will be a meeting of the Society on Friday, December 13th, if possible.

CLASS REPORTS.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

The great football match Law *vs.* Arts is over, and the magnificent victory of Law is still a subject of rejoicing. Of course everyone expected Law to win, even the most enthusiastic Arts man refusing to back his team at any price. Still, the victory was none the less pleasing on that account, and we hope it may again be repeated next year.

The members of the football team were formally congratulated by the Faculty, and a dinner in their honor was proposed by Mr. Doucet. This proposal was agreed to with great applause; but as the Exams are at hand, the date has been indefinitely postponed.

The members of the Moot Court committee have certainly been very remiss in their duties this year, not one single case having been given by them to the students for discussion. Their conduct has in consequence been very freely discussed, and Mr. B., at a meeting some nights ago, forcibly reminded them of the fiduciary position they occupy towards the Faculty. Shortly after this, a case—or rather a question, for it admitted of only one answer—was generously presented by them for argument, but for some unknown reason has been dropped. This is certainly not right, and the more violent of the Freshmen advise a writ of mandamus, an injunction, anything, in fact, that will force them to do their duty. Beware O committee; justice, *though slow, is sure.*

What a jewel our Secretary is! He has only read the minutes once this year, and then they were decidedly original and peculiar. No wonder they excited a hubbub; but no one really has any right to complain, for compliments and strictures were dealt out with charming impartiality. That motion of our only Evelyn, "that all the adjectives be struck out," bore the stamp of genius.

The Class Reporter wishes to thank Mr. L— for his contributions to the "Legal Briefs" of this number. Any communications from students of items suitable for the column will be received with pleasure.

Mr. Hanson, B.A., was elected as the delegate of the students to Quebec, to represent the interests of the Faculty in the discussion upon the bill now before the Legislature regarding the admission to the practice of Law.

Important.—Next number will contain a thrilling epic poem of 7000 lines, by Mr. Hugh S—mp—e, B.A. Everybody should read it.

ARTS NOTES.

Some of the Reporters for the FORTNIGHTLY may be surprised and perhaps disappointed to find that their "Notes" have not been given in full in this or in former numbers.

A word or two in explanation! While it may be somewhat interesting for a few in each Year to have their Reporter use his wit or his sarcasm on other Years or other Faculties, a very little consideration must lead them to see that such matter is not of general interest and of no real benefit to anyone, while, on the other hand, there must always be some who are placed in such a position that they will "fail to see the joke."

If at any time abuses arise which demand investigation, the columns of the FORTNIGHTLY are open for that purpose; but it should scarcely be called on to originate anything of that kind, in order to occupy space with an investigation.

This may be giving more prominence than is necessary to a trifling matter; but if it should be the means of raising still higher the standard of the Class Notes, its object will be fully accomplished.

FOURTH YEAR.

McM..... was unfortunate enough to forget to put on his gown before entering one of the Dean's classes and was saluted with the order "Go out! Go out! This lecture is not open to the public. Strangers are not allowed in here!" He tried to remonstrate, but that stern voice again bade him depart. He went, and returned wearing the livery of the establishment, and naïvely remarking: "I came unto him as a stranger, and he took me not in."

(In the Chemical Laboratory).

Student.—"Mr. E.—, is there any tin in brass?"

Lecturer.—"Yes, lots of it,—that is to say, there's money in impudence."

We will not give the name of the young man who asked if the rock "Grit" was a Liberal.

By the way, we hear that a—Year man, who attended St. James' Church on Thanksgiving night, wanted to know "who wrote that farmer's mass, in 'B' flat?"

The Graduating Class has added its highest honor to the many it has already showered on the worthy shoulders of Mr. J. C. Robertson, by appointing him Valedictorian.

THIRD YEAR.

Who are these with smiles appearing,
Little children blithe and gay,
Scamp'ring o'er our glossy campus,
Happy as the livelong day?

These, dear friends, are not mere infants,
Tho' they seem so as they pass;
Don't let size and age deceive you,
They're the *partial history class* !!!

Arts '97 rejoices to hear that the 'naughty' pun in the last issue did not originate from their reporter.

Only Sophomores and Freshmen indulge in puns.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." Well, let us hope that the questions in the Xmas Mechanics Examination will not be as shadowy as those of the test-paper on Friday week were.

Professor.—"There is no such thing as telepathic communication."

McM—r.—"But, sir, haven't you ever been with a person—not conversing at all—and yet enjoying yourself immensely?"

SECOND YEAR.

We are sure that there is enough *esprit de corps* in '98 to see fair play, and not to allow good nature to be imposed upon. We hope that in the few remaining lectures in Greek, our conduct may be more becoming and more respectful than upon one or two recent occasions.

The Professor of Classics has found that the capabilities of '98 are far beyond those of any previous Soph. year;—in fact, the present material is so promising that for the examination in "Prose" he has given twenty chapters of Livy instead of six—the number given to '97.

A large number of our men visited their homes during the Thanksgiving vacation, and the other members of the Year, out of consideration for their classmates, refrained from attending lectures.

The depth (several inches below the platform) of Mr. Moore's voice and the richness of his brogue gave fitting expression to the instructions of our versatile Clerk of Court at the recent "Trial."

There is an argument going on in the Modern History class as to who looks most like Napoleon.

Student.—"Je voudrais être médecin chez les Allemands."

French Professor.—"Il vous faut étudier la science vétérinaire."

IN THE UPPER HALL.

There stand those ranks that sway and cringe,
Then break and fall in heaps,
As down on them from Df's syringe
The COOL COOL water leaps.

Good Hamilton from Scotia's land
Seizes the culprit's gown,
And by the strength of his right hand
He throws the villain down.

A note is brought to Dr. D.
From our most august Dean,
And D—f. who turns as pale as clay
Just stops a frightened scream.

But reassured by kindly word
The pallor leaves his brow,
Again his tuneful voice is heard
(A half tone off, I trow.)

FIRST YEAR.

In Chemistry Room.

Student.—"Sir, can Na. take the place of the replaceable Hydrogen in an acid?"

Professor.—"Why, certainly! You might have said any (Na.) metal."

The annual compulsory bathing season is now over. What next?

We are glad to know from one of the Professors that there is vague possibility of the redemption of the Theologs. We ask what is to become of Arts and Science.

We have enjoyed very much our recent study of the Inferno. One of the students informs us he has seen a volume of "Hell up to date," and it compares favorably with Dante's great work.

We are glad to have Messrs. Skinner and Brown back again in good health.

Why do the First Year men not turn up better on Friday evenings at Literary Society? A word to the wise, etc.

Student (discouraged).—"I can't make this fuse."

Prof.—"There is no such word as 'cant.'"

Student (desperate).—"But there's a word 'imfusible,' which means 'can't be fused.'"

Prof.—"The hydra, gentlemen, reproduce by fishing."

Prof.—"Homer was a splendid example of euphony. There was a roll in his verses unequalled by modern poets."

McM—r.—"But, sir, we generally lose the roll of Homer by 'rocking it' in a *crib*."

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

In a few days we shall separate for the holidays. Some of our number go home jubilant, in the fact that, for the first time in their college experience, they are permitted to escape those searchings of brain by ruthless examiners which always cast a grim shadow over the festive season. But the many who remain to face the printed sheet of interrogation have, we know, the full sympathy and good wishes of their more fortunate class-mates. Perhaps not so very fortunate, however; for Christmas examinations have often revealed the weak spots in our work and saved us from disaster in the Spring. So let there be no envious glances cast after the retreating figures of these early flitters, but go to your work, and success to you!

And now, examinees and non-examinees,—it matters not which,—farewell for a few weeks! We wish you all most happy holidays.

We were very pleased to learn that the Ottawa Valley Graduates Society has recently given Miss McGill, of the First Year, a prize of \$50. Miss McGill passed first of those from the Ottawa Valley who tried the June matriculation examinations.

THIRD YEAR.

The test-questions in Mathematics were delightful. We would not wish to appear at all conceited, but a mild self-appreciation is quite in keeping with modesty. The voluminous and neat papers given in testified to a clear comprehension of the subject on the part of the majority of the class. The diversity of methods employed to obtain the desired results speaks strongly for the independent thinking and originality of the class. It is rumored that the papers are to be framed and hung in the Physics building.

SECOND YEAR.

That we are sometimes driven to extremes in collecting reports may be judged from the following excited whisper, which she, who is painfully translating, hears from behind her: "Do, *please*, make some sort of a mistake. I have to send in my notes to the FORTNIGHTLY this morning, and I haven't a single thing yet!"

Those who are toiling along the *flowery* path of knowledge wish that there might be a parliament of botanists to consider the advisability of giving non-heathenish names to plants, and of abolishing nine-tenths of their terms and substituting a few good old English ones.

FIRST YEAR.

French Prof.—"Une petite goutte est une gouttelette; une petite fille, une fillette."

Donalda—"Et un petit homme—une (h) omellette."

There appears to be a very pugilistic young lady in the First Year, for on being asked in class whether she should use the open or closed hand in striking, replied that she believed both should be used.

Donalda '99 almost regret that the skylight in their class room has been repaired, for they fancied the gentle showers, which descended thence upon them, were aiding their growth in wisdom and understanding.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

That there is more, than one way of looking at the same incident is shown by the reports, published below, of Monday's "scrap." The Fourth Year have their way of looking at the same incident. The Faculty looks at it from still another point of view.

Some of the Seniors are trying to find the exact value of expressions like "as long as a piece of string," "as heavy as a lump of chalk," "as high as the sky," "as short as the Xmas holidays."

At the sale of the reading room Magazines, bidding was spirited and good prices realized.

President Walkem is to represent McGill at the annual dinner of the "School of Science," Toronto, this week.

F. W. MacLennan, '98, is the Science representative on the committee of the "McGill Skating Club."

Is this a sign of anything in particular? For some time back a number of the Seniors have been noticed *devouring* all the love stories contained in the magazines in the Reading Room.

If the Donaldas of 1900 object to being called "naughty girls," the Science Freshmen of the same Year object as strongly against being dubbed "double ciphers."

While testing some hose for the city fire department last week, the hose burst, the water spouted, and Prof. B——y got it, as he said,—“Where the chicken got the axe.”

If the students would always refer to the members of the Faculty as Profs. when speaking to one another, there would be no fear of getting into such a predicament as C—— and J—— got themselves into one day last week.

After their experience on Thanksgiving Day, the Freshies are not likely to join the Seniors in any of the pastimes of the latter, which always have been sacred to the Seniors and the drawing-room.

What was it that W——k ——m said to W——b
In terms of congratulation.

That drew such a smile from Prof. C — r —le
While the boys fled in consternation,

Jack says it is a “mean, low trick to give three
apatites after breakfast.”

“Well, boys, we can lay back on our oars now that
we have determined all these minerals.”

“But there are no *ores* among them.”

Voice from next seat: “Well, pass them o’er to
me.”

We never hear anything about the Union Club
House now-a-days. Start it again, somebody.

“’Tis a queer woman that never asks a question,”
said the sage; “but the one that does is the *querist*,”
said the funny man.

Prof.—“To work out this question doesn’t require
even common sense.” (one minute later) “Please cor-
rect the answer in *the book*.”

One on S—e.—“I don’t see how you found the
maximum bending moment, sir.”

Prof.—“Oh, we didn’t get it yet.” (Dazed look on
the faces of men who have just awaked.)

At Theory of Structures.—The horrors become
more horrible. The other day, one member of the
class kicked the bucket before the Professor’s very
eyes. And we see many things that are not as they
should be; the children should be sent to the tradi-
tional “Science kindergarten,” or should at least
have a copy or two of “Chatterbox” and a few rat-
tles.

It seemed like the good old times to have such a

glorious rush once more; and we did it up brown too.
As the Freshies picked themselves and the remnants
of their books and gowns off the hard polished floor,
they were heard to remark that “’97 doesn’t scrap
the same as the Second Year.” We guess they don’t.

But now is the time that the Faculty gets in its *fine*
work; and, by the way, what is glass really worth in
our building, anyway? The following has been handed
to us as a probable solution:

Sc. ’97 Dr.
To H. T. B., Esq.

Dec.	I	To two panes glass.....	\$40	00
“	I	“ one good old-fashioned scrap.....	5	00
			\$45	00

We are sorry that Mr. C. D. Simpson of ’97 has
left us. He has gone to Lethbridge in the far North-
west, where his father has the management of a mine.

Visitor (to Mr. G ——, who is just entering the
Elevator).—“Are you the janitor?” (Deep silence
broken by the banging of the elevator door.)

The Juniors ran up against something heavy and
hard the other day, in the shape of some Freshmen
who were reading the Faculty notices. Why ’97 so
risked their lives is not known; but they have one
and all come to the conclusion that they were “very
easy,” and will not try it again. The Freshmen ran
up and down the passage several times, seizing the
Juniors who had not fled after the first rush, and toss-
ing them into the air. A few were lifted through
the glass of the notice board, for which we are told
we shall pay one dollar per man (net). There was
some talk among the survivors of ’97 of doing us
the next day; but after waiting for some time for
their terrible (?) onrush, we were convinced that ’97
is better at barking than at biting.

We would advise ’97 to watch our ways, and there-
by mend their own.

We have been told from good authority that the
fine is to pay the Juniors’ doctor’s bill.

THIRD YEAR.

For one of our number, we prophesy such an end
as this:

Surrounded by his family, he lies dying. With
his remaining strength so as to assume his one-time
gaiety, with his dying breath, he exclaims—

“You never saw me in a passion! don’t get me into
one.”

Through some mistake in the list of Records,

St-v-l's name was omitted for the mile. His time was 62 seconds. Honi soit !

Call on Tr-v-s and get him to tell a story. Oh!

Scene.—A certain lecture room.

Prof.—"em, to recapitulate"—

Grand fainting act by students.

We find that, as a rule,

d (soap) < Σ (each one's needs).

We are open to congratulations, for has it not been said of us "we are showing signs of reviving interest"

$$\text{Since } \rho = \frac{RW}{L}$$

What answer do we get when we put this in the form

$$\rho = \frac{R \text{ We}}{\text{Loaded}}$$

The articles have been signed, and two of our number will shortly expectorate for the championship of the Third Year.

We have put our money on P-r-d-s.

Midnight in the Machine Shop.

The shaper and planer in conversation.

P.—"Well, what of to-day?"

S.—"Nothing much. I cut that Surf S. Plate this afternoon, and then that fellow Th-ms-n did his best to get him square with me."

P.—"For my part, I got even with St-v-l. You know he has been sitting on me a lot lately, so to-day I broke a 10 inch scale that he had in his hand."

S.—"Yes, I saw you do it. By the bye, don't you think that Miss Belt was too tightly laced to-day?"

P.—"I do, and I called Pulley's attention, but he was going so fast that he couldn't stop."

S.—"I guess I shall say good-night, as I have some work to do in the morning."

P.—"Good-night."

We mechanicals are a hard worked lot.

Echo answers "Roll o-ver."

Whisper,——"Did you spin the plate?"

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

Dean McEachran has gone to the Northwest on an important business mission. Before leaving, he

referred to the earnestness with which the men were engaging in their work, and the spirit of goodwill existing in the Faculty. Such a consideration of affairs cannot fail to be a source of gratification to one who has devoted his time and energies for thirty years or more to the elevation and advancement of Veterinary Science.

Dr. Chas. H. Zink, jr., late Inspector at the Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill., has resigned and gone to Denver, Col., to practice. He has the best wishes of a host of friends.

Mr. E. C. Thurston is holding "quiz classes" in Materia Medica and Therapeutics, which are well attended.

Messrs. Harri Dell and J. Anderson Ness have been appointed assistant demonstrators of Anatomy.

Owing to his departure for the Northwest, the Dean gave a lecture on Thanksgiving morning, but let the boys out in time for church.

Mr. Harri Dell's grinds in Physiology, for the First Year men, are highly appreciated.

Dissecting is now in full swing, and we are pleased to see our worthy Faculty Editor take such a prominent part in the demonstrations.

Prof. (in calling the roll).—"Pyfic, Py- - Pysic, is there anyone here by that name?"

Student.—"Yes, sir."

Prof.—"How do you spell it?"

Student.—"Pf-k."

Prof.—"Are you here?"

Student.—"Yes, sir." (Laughter).

MEDICAL NOTES.

If the girl at Central has no more respect for Cook in the future than she has had in the past, he will ere long rise in his wrath and have her ignominiously discharged.

Scene.—Cook's Palace. The mighty king on his throne, the versatile page at the telephone.

Page.—"Hullo! Central! Give us the Rial Victor-i-a!"

Central.—"The line is busy!"

Page.—"Well, hurry up; Mr. Cook is a waitin' fur it." (and he waited).

Now, what we want to know is, what right the line has to be busy when Mr. Cook wants it?

FOURTH YEAR NOTES.

Dr. Nicholls' paper on "Electricity as applied to Medicine," delivered at the meeting of the Medical Society on Saturday, Dec. 1st, was much appreciated by the Fourth Year men present. For a clear and concise account of that abstruse and hitherto very ill-understood subject it could not be surpassed. We hope it will be published in pamphlet form. A very hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. Nicholls at the close of the meeting.

How long is "a day or two," hygienically speaking?

As we watched the progressive diminution of R—'s hair, we began to fear that the theory of the conservation of energy was not universally true. But as we note the shadowy line that has recently appeared on his upper lip, our confidence is restored, and we realize that it is only a transformation of force, we mean of hair, a sort of metastasis, to speak professionally.

A Freshman wants to know whether *long Church* should be called church steeple or High *Church*, and also whether a *Church-hill* is a mound in a churchyard.

We would like to know who is responsible for the *Lovelly* way the FORTNIGHTLY is delivered at the Medical building.

Mr. F. L. Thompson and Mr. C. B. Moles are our delegates to Toronto and Trinity Medical Dinners. They are good men both at dinners and speeches, and will be a credit to McGill—especially after a good dinner.

Prof. (After reading a prescription of C—'s).—"Hem! The Latin word for glycerine does not bear such a striking resemblance to glycyrrhiza as you would have us believe."

Now that the session is in full swing, Third Year students will be wanting an Osler on "Practice of Medicine." They can secure the same from Jack Tees of the Fourth Year.

THIRD YEAR.

The Business Board has kindly afforded us an opportunity to meet the professors.

It is to be hoped that the Board is not serious when it demands us to dun our lecturers for subscriptions for the FORTNIGHTLY. We certainly feel honored, but the privilege is really too great.

The environments might lead to complications, for we might be even tempted to "turn th rascals out"

if they didn't at once put up. Then, again, they might render us fit subjects for Cook's boys, or they might be put to extremes and drive us off with "Call again" or "No funds." So we think it better for the Board to render its own accounts; it has nothing to fear, and we are not quite prepared for the worst.

At an impromptu concert the other morning, Jerry sang "Way up on the Mountain top" with variations, in his own characteristic style. He was visibly affected. When an encore was demanded, he favored us with "Hark! I hear an angel speak."

Among the other selections, Robertson's rendering of "Tales of McNally" was heartily appreciated. The latter, being so overcome, retired precipitately.

Horace, of Ottawa, suggests that Science work up Mathematics. He says they really don't know how to multiply by division!

Edgar would like the boys to pay more attention to the clinics!

FIRST YEAR REPORTS.

Mr. Shore and Mr. McKeehm's have been elected as representatives of '99 for the Reading Room Committee.

We are sorry that Mr. Harris is unable to continue his studies this year. Mr. Harris will be missed both as class reporter and on Sports Day, as he was one of our most promising athletes.

Prof. W.—"Why is the posterior crucial ligament of the knee joint like the First Year?"

Fresh.—"Because it does not slope."

The boys who attended the last meeting of the Medical Society were very much enthused over the cordial reception tendered them. Can not more of us turn out next time?

Yes, '99, it is too bad that the Sophomores have given us no opportunity to develop our pushing abilities.

One of our elder brethren, a "ninety-sevener," seems to feel badly over the fact that the accustomed cordiality has not been shown us. Does it not speak volumes for the Freshmen of '95?

The Meds of '98 have too much natural courtesy to allow ancient customs to force them into actions ill befitting gentlemen,

ATHLETICS.

RUGBY FOOT-BALL.

LAW *vs.* ARTS.

(20th October.)

The great match that has been so often postponed—Law *vs.* Arts—was played on Wednesday afternoon before a large and appreciative crowd of spectators. The Legal luminaries were the victors after a hard, exciting and “windy” match, the final score being 5 to 4. The Law men at the commencement of the game showed marked signs of being overtrained, and this accounted for the looseness of their play during the first fifteen minutes. But it was in the second half where the vast superiority of the combination work of Law was displayed. The Legal Lights deserve much credit for the way in which they had trained for the match,—in fact, it was well known in Legal circles that many of the men had been taking “special tonics,” the same having been taken three times a day for the last two weeks—to improve their wind. Law was short the services of two of her best men, Captain Donahue and Boyd. Arts also missed the help of such a man as McMaster, although it is doubtful whether even he would have been able to prevent the Law scrimmage from “heeling” the ball out almost every time. Mr. Chas Gaudet captained the Law team in a most masterly way, and had his men under wonderful control. Mr. Todd was the captain of the Arts team. Mr. H. Trenholme was the umpire, and gave general satisfaction.

Seldom has a match created more excitement amongst the Legal profession, many of the Law offices in the city being closed, so as to allow their inmates a chance to see this all-important struggle of the giants.

For Arts, the Trenholme brothers, Burton, Patch and Todd, at times, played excellently, and strove valiantly to stave off defeat. Gaudet and Montgomery were the stars of the Law team. The Law scrimmage, however, deserves particular mention for its fine formation, as also for its rapidity and sureness in getting the ball back to the quarter-back.

Bond was spasmodically beautiful, and Cook's linguistic powers showed up to advantage. But it was the Law full-back who was the attraction of the whole field, his drop kicks and punts being nothing short of marvellous.

It is to be regretted that “Arts” gave up the struggle five minutes before time was up, although there is little doubt that the result of the match would have been the same.

The names of the victors and their positions were as follows:

Full-back Duclos; half-backs, Aylmer, Gaudet and Donahue; quarter-back, Montgomery; scrimmage, Armstrong, Sinn and Hickson; wings, Cook, Bickerdike, Semple, Hingston, Hanson, Bond and Burnet.

MCGILL FOOTBALL CLUB.

One of the best attended and most enthusiastic

meetings that the Club has ever had was the Annual General Meeting of this year. There were nearly one hundred and thirty present, all the Faculties being represented. The Secretary's report showed that the Club had had a very successful season. The report of the Treasurer showed a balance in hand of about \$17.00, without certain moneys which were still due to the Club.

After these reports had been adopted, the election of officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with, and the following were elected:

Hon. Pres.—Dr. Peterson, LL.D.

Hon. Treas.—Dr. Gunn.

President.—L. E. W. Irving.

Vice-Pres.—G. Drinkwater.

Capt. of 1st XV.—H. J. Schwartz.

Secretary.—C. P. Howard.

Treasurer.—N. Grace.

Capt. 2nd XV.—S. Davidson.

Capt 3rd XV.—H. Burton.

COMMITTEE.

Medicine.—Whitton and Levecque.

Arts.—McMaster and Skinner.

Science.—McLea and Moore.

Law.—Montgomery and Hickson.

Vet. Sc.—Stevenson and Moore.

The secretary then read some changes in the constitution of the Club, and these were ratified.

As there was a substantial balance in the treasury, a motion was passed, to the effect that caps should be presented to the members of the 1st XV as a slight token of appreciation for their work during the past season. It was also unanimously decided that the Club should do all in its power to aid the concert which the Britannia F.B.C. was holding on December 13th.

The team greatly appreciated the gymnasium practices, which were held two evenings a week during the season. The work of Messrs. Gaudet and Tetreau, who attended nearly every practice, certainly told in favor of the team, and proved that a coaching committee of non-playing members was really beneficial. Mr. Dunn accompanied the teams on their trips away from home, as manager, and his services were invaluable in arranging their affairs.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

(*Mens sana in corpore sano.*)

As it is now universally acknowledged that the mind cannot be properly developed without the co-development of the body, the importance of having a gymnasium in connection with an institution for

the development and training of the mind is obvious. The governing body of such an institution must of necessity be of the more highly developed type, and consequently aware of the importance of physical training. It is only logical then that this body should formulate rules for the physical development of the student in the same way that it formulates rules for his mental development. In some cases this is done, but in most cases it is comparatively neglected. The average student who enters our Canadian institutions of learning has been accustomed to more or less physical labor, and in most cases is ignorant of the rules of mental hygiene. On taking up a college course, the most natural thing for such a student to do is to devote the most of his time to his studies (if he be studious) and take very little exercise. The consequence is that the body falls into a state of inactivity, and disease naturally follows. How often cases of this kind are brought to our notice! Year after year we hear of students who are compelled to abandon their studies on account of illness, the cause being in most cases due to the want of the proper amount of exercise. It is obvious that much of this would be avoided if there were rules to govern the student in this respect, and the natural conclusion that one arrives at is that physical culture should be an integral part of any course of mental development.

Let us see how the student is physically cared for at McGill. One would naturally expect to find in connection with such a world-renowned university as McGill, a gymnasium situated on the College grounds, and provided with facilities for physical development, which are suited to the requirements of the individual; also suitable baths and club-rooms in connection with it. Instead of this, the student finds the gymnasium remote from the College grounds, and is rather disappointed on visiting it. He finds the roof in a leaky condition, and the ventilation very poor. Ventilation is provided in the rear, and there is a continual odor from the adjoining stables. The floor is in harmony with the rest of the building, and its condition could be well described by one who has had the pleasure of having his toes cracked a few times. It is visited by the College officials once a year, and on that occasion the majority are conspicuous by their absence. The hours of instruction are from 5 to 6 p.m. three evenings during the week. Many of the students cannot make it convenient to attend the classes at that hour, especially the students in the Faculty of Medicine, some of whom have a lecture at that time. The consequence is that the student is dissatisfied, and as he is not subject to any rules, he either gives up the notion of attending the gymnasium (if he has any), or else seeks a more comfortable place where he can

exercise himself. Notwithstanding this, the classes are fairly large, and it is chiefly due to the efforts of the instructor, Dr. McKenzie, that they are as well attended as they are. Dr. McKenzie is very attentive, and is well liked by the students. He has lately introduced a system of training which seems to be a step in the right direction. By this system each student undergoes an examination on entering the gymnasium, and a course of training is prescribed according to his physical needs. What is now required is efficient means to carry out this system, and then to make it compulsory. Surely this matter is worthy of the consideration of some of the benefactors of McGill.

L. W. CRILL

Sci., '96.

EXCHANGES.

In the second number of the FORTNIGHTLY there was a reference in this column to the *Harvard Daily News*, with quotations from some of its editorials.

The opinion given at that time in regard to its high standard, although based on an examination of only a few copies, has been fully justified by the contents of the succeeding numbers.

It was therefore a cause for some surprise and of sincere regret, when a few weeks ago we received the information, that owing to a series of unforeseen and unfortunate events of a financial nature, the *News* was obliged to suspend publication.

The *Harvard Daily Crimson*, which we have since received in its stead, is in its own special sphere equally complete; but as almost the whole of its space is devoted to a discussion of matters in connection with athletics and College societies, the two papers were by no means rivals.

We can only express the strong hope that the business managers of the *News* will be enabled to so arrange its affairs that publication may be resumed at an early date.

From somewhere in the vicinity of the Land of Evangeline, there comes to us the *Acadia Athenæum*, or,—to be more definite and thus avoid the possible charge of ignorance in regard to the history and geography of the province down by the sea,—from Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

Of course every student of McGill knows exactly where Wolfville is situated!!

As our business is with the College paper, rather than with the College, we will only call the attention of the reader to the fact that Acadia University has a special reason for notice on our part, since she can justly place one of our own professors in the list of her most distinguished graduates.

The *Athenæum* is a monthly Journal published by the students, and, judging from the number before us it is intended to be of equal interest to the under-

duates and graduates of the University.

An address, delivered by Prof. Jones at the opening of the College in October, entitled "Words as an Instrument of Mental Culture," is well worthy of being preserved in a permanent form in its pages.

After carefully reading the address, we confess to a feeling of inability to give any satisfactory synopsis. No one part has any special claim, for it is good throughout, so we will content ourselves, and probably gain the thanks of the author, by leaving it untouched, and promising to anyone who may be sufficiently interested to apply, the complete address as printed by the *Athenæum*.

We would also acknowledge the receipt in pamphlet form of "Truthfulness in Expression," a lecture by A. C. Mounteer, B.E., of Knox College, etc.; and "The Manitoba School Question," by F. C. Wade, Barrister-at-law, Winnipeg. Also the "Calendar of Prince of Wales College and Normal School, P.E.I., for 1895-96," containing, among other interesting information, a list of the students who graduated with "Honors" in past years.

It is scarcely necessary to add that this list contains many names familiar to the undergraduates of the different Faculties of McGill.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

An old Highland sergeant in one of the Scottish regiments was going his rounds one night to see that all the lights were out in the barrack-rooms. Coming to a room where he thought he saw a light shining, he roared out:—

"Put oot that light there!"

One of the men shouted back:—

"Nah, it's the mune, sergeant."

Not hearing very well, the sergeant cried in return:—

"I dinna care a tacket what it is! Put it oot!"

THEY STOPPED LAUGHING.

It takes a woman to rebuke another woman's rudeness, a general statement well borne out by the following story:

A lady, says the *N. Y. World*, entered a railway train, and took a seat in front of a newly-married couple. She was hardly seated before they began making remarks about her.

Her last year's bonnet and cloak were fully criticized with more or less giggling on the bride's part, and there is no telling what might have come next if the

lady had not put a sudden stop to the conversation by a bit of strategy.

She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the groom, and in the smoothest of tones said:

"Madam, will you please ask your son to close the window behind you?"

The "son" closed his mouth, and the bride no longer giggled.

EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM.

"Why didn't you have me called at 6 o'clock?" roared a commercial traveller in one of our city hotels, as he faced the clerk and banged his fist down on the register.

"I did," calmly replied the clerk.

"You did not, sir."

"I tell you I did."

"You did not, sir, and I can prove it."

"All right, go ahead; but you can't prove it."

"Yes, I can."

"Prove it, then."

"Well, you did not have me called at 6 o'clock, because I did not leave word to be called at all," and the commercial man grinned and looked for the clerk to blush and apologize.

But he looked in vain. A little thing like that wouldn't bother a hotel clerk.

Aubrey Boucicault tells a story of H. J. Byron, the English dramatist, made famous principally by his work, "Our Boys." Mr. Byron was coming out late one night from the Savage Club, in London, when he was accosted by a sheriff's officer, who asked in husky tones if there happened to be in the club at that moment a man with one eye by the name of Brown. Byron replied, musingly, "I'm not sure; what's the name of his other eye?"

ONE WAY OF FINDING A SCOTSMAN.

It is related of a successful Glasgow merchant that sightseeing in Paris once, he lost his way. For a considerable time he wandered about trying to get back to his hotel. The hours went by. He never could speak French, and his Glasgow English only brought a smile and a shake of the head.

"Oh, for a body wi' a guid Scotch tongue in his head!" he sighed.

Then came a "happy thought." By signs he bought a basket, measure and berries of a trim French-woman, and, shouldering the stock, went along the street shouting:

"Fine grossets, a bawbee the pint; fine grossets, a bawbee the pint."

The crowd laughed at the mad Briton, but the familiar cry soon brought some Scotsmen on the scene, and the merchant was able to retire from business and smoke his pipe in the bosom of his family thankful that he had found real Scotsmen in his hour of need.

A WITTY COMPLIMENT.

At the first performance of Dumas' "Etrangère," everybody appeared to be so preoccupied and wore such a serious countenance that Marshal Canrobert, who happened to be present, remarked it, and inquired the reason. Mme. Brohan, it is recorded, answered:

"We are on the eve of a great battle, and I suppose fear affects us as you see."

"Fear?" the marshal said, looking round with a puzzled air.

Mme. Brohan immediately summoned an attendant, and briefly said, "Picard, a dictionary for the marshal."

A neater or wittier compliment in fewer words it would be impossible to produce.

Magistrate (to witness).—"I understand that you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?"

Witness.—"Yis, sorr."

Magistrate.—"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

Witness.—"He seemed to be doin' the listenin'."

The master.—"Well, Pat, a pint of porter wouldn't be a bad thing, would it?"

Pat.—"Sure, yer 'anner, dere's only wan betther ting I know of."

The master.—"What's that?"

Pat.—"A quart of de same shtuff!"

The dentist was torturing his victim in the usual double fashion.

The story he was telling at that moment was on himself.

"When I was young in the profession," said he, "I was working in a country place for a few weeks to help a friend. One day a farmer came in—a big, muscular chap, full-blooded—one of the sort whose teeth come like the roots of oak trees.

"As he sat in the chair he asked, 'Will it hurt?'"

"Feeling in rather a jocular mood, I answered, 'Well, if it doesn't it shan't cost you anything.' Then I fell to work.

"The tooth came even harder than I expected, so as the man got up from the chair and pulled himself together—he had not uttered a sound—I said, 'Well, did it hurt?'"

"'Not a bit,' answered the countryman, and strode out of the office, leaving me minus a fee, completely nonplussed, and the laughing stock of my friend and the two or three patrons who sat about the office.

"I have never tried to be funny professionally since," said he, meditatively.

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